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## THE VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

How strangely different are the noises of the night from those of the day, even when produced by the same means! What far deeper harmonies has the wind among the moonlit trees, than those evoked by their branches of golden green at noonday! What a weird and wondrous sound is that in a ship's rigging, to one who stands on deck beneath the quiet stars, although the same sound by day is but a shrill whistle in the cordage! How awful to the belated wayfarer when it goes 'a swooning over barren moors' at night, is that same breeze he hails at early morn as so inspiriting! There is something, of course, in the change of circumstances—in the solitude, and the absence of all other disturbance, and, perhaps, in the atmosphere itself which conducts the sound—but it is scarcely sufficient to account for this great diversity. The dog that barks by day, will howl and bay in the night-time, as though he too, like ourselves, were affected by the dread influence of darkness; but even his bark, at night, has something uncanny about it. It does not seem then to speak of watchfulness and safety; it has a complaining, woful ring in it; it is an appeal for help or for companionship that cannot be answered; and when it ceases for a little, how it intensifies the silence! I am much given to walk alone at night both in town and country, and next to the voice of the human Watchman, that of the canine guardian of our homes is the most sombre. The former, however, is now but very seldom heard; it has been found (in the rare cases where private watchmen are still employed) that they give warning to the marauder as well as assurance to the honest men whom it is their mission to guard, and therefore they cry no more. Their monotonous drawl of 'Past twelve o'clock, and a fine starlight night,' had a flavour about it, to one upon a sleepless pillow, that did not wholly smack of security.

Even the steady footsteps of the new policeman, as one hears them a street and a half off coming slowly and lingeringly up to one's door (where they seem to pause, as though something were wrong), and then die gradually away, are not altogether satisfactory. One doesn't mind their coming so much as their going. Why does not the fellow pay more particular attention to our own residence? Why does he go to others—so far, far off that we do not even hear the echoes of his steps—and leave us to be plun-

dered, or perhaps murdered in our beds? There's a file at work already on the bars of the pantry window, or something that sounds like a file; there's a creaking of stealthy boots on the hall-floor; there's a muffled sound of stockingless feet coming up the stairs; there's a hand feeling about the bedroom door outside—in a word, all the Voices of the Night are playing at burglars. Why does furniture begin to talk as soon as all the household has retired? Why does the table complain of how it has been 'put upon,' when everything has been taken off it until to-morrow? Why do the chairs mutter imprecations when all the fat people that have done them wrong are in their beds? The nervous householder wishes the policeman's footsteps had never waked him to consciousness of these mysteries.

As for the rural constabulary, they are a positive terror, not to the Wicked, indeed, but to the Respectable. They consider themselves most efficient when they walk about solitary houses, feeling the window-fastenings, and rattling the doors, while the proprietress, who is an old maid, perhaps, with a prejudice against men-servants, lies in a profuse perspiration, awaiting her death by violence at the hands of the supposed robbers. It has been remarked by a philosopher that there is nothing so intimidating as a sound the origin of which cannot be guessed at by the solitary listener; but although the lady in question is perfectly certain that the noise is produced by somebody 'trying' the shutters, that does not at all tend to reassure her. It was a saying of my dear Aunt Margaret, now in a place where thieves do not break through nor steal, that but for the nights, her days would have been very pleasant.\* She was always wishing that she was rich enough to live like Sir Darrell Glover, who turned darkness into daylight: he had his whole house lit up from dusk to morn; his hounds met at 10.30 p.m., and found their fox by help of the moon; his picnics, under that luminary, were held to be delightful; he used to fish between rows of lanterns, one on each side the stream. There were some disadvantages in this mode of life, of course; since he would never sleep except by day, his servants

\* It was of Aunt Margaret that the famous story was first told of the finding the burglar under the bed; when she did see him there, at last, in the course of her usual nightly inspection of every possible hiding-place, she is said to have observed, notwithstanding her abject terror: 'Ah, you're the man I've been expecting to see here for these thirty years!'

complained that the winter-nights were long; and when they left his service for that of a person who lived in the usual way, they found it difficult to get up in the mornings; but, in my Aunt Margaret's opinion, the advantages of the baronet's mode of life far outweighed its drawbacks. Sir Darrell is dead, or it would have been worth while to interrogate him upon the subject of which we write; he would have been able to tell us how much of our ideas respecting the sounds of night are due to fancy, and to our being unaccustomed to them. Perhaps the Voices of the Day struck him as being weird and unnatural, as he lay awake in the weary noon, and longed for the evening.

The circumstances of the listener no doubt greatly affect his reception of sounds; nobody listens with such earnestness and anxiety by day as by night; there are so many sounds abroad in the former case, that the watcher uses his eyes rather than his ears; but in the stillness of midnight, or a little before day-break, the slightest sound insists upon a hearing. Ask the wife of the Drunkard or the Gambler, who sits up for the poor haggard wretch she loves until the dawn, if the Voices of the Night are not terrible. After the latest roar of the mere traffic has ceased, and the roll of the carriages from opera and ball is over, and only a solitary vehicle or footstep, heard a long way off as it goes and as it comes, relieves the oppressive silence, with the idea of human life—of others beside herself awake and up—what does she hear, as she listens at the open window under the star-strewn summer sky? She hears pitiful voices, which bring tears into her eyes, voices of the dead and loved, who warned her of her fate before she linked herself with her unhappy husband; she hears the sighs of angels overhead. These, 'Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,' engage her, rapt; but on her sensual ear, too, there fall unaccustomed sounds. The gates creak harshly, slowly swinging. A muffled crow breaks ever and anon from the mews, where the fowls are silent all day long. The clocks, though the hours are small, seem never to have done striking; and there are echoes which are never born in daylight. Above all, there is the night-wind; never weary, yet never monotonous; whispering wonderful things—inexplicable secrets—winning her, even her, poor soul, into dreamland for a little, until awakened on a sudden, as by a dagger's point, at the fall of an uncertain step, half a mile away, but which she knows, ah me, too well! He is coming home at last: her watch is over just as the Voices of the Night are mingling with the breezy call of morn.

Even, however, if one is not the wife of a drunkard or a gambler, it is very disagreeable to be awake at night, and compelled to listen to all sorts of disagreeable noises; for instance, to the hideous and alarming sounds which emanate from cats. One never hears such things in the day—never. The police would not permit it. At first, one thinks it is the baby—and one's wife starts up at once and ejaculates: 'Listen; I am sure that I heard that blessed child!' But it is not the child; a whole nurseryful of children would be unable to compete with that abominable wail.

A solo executed by one of these animals is worse than a cat-chorus. In the first house which dearest Clementina and myself occupied after our marriage, we were grievously tormented by an artiste of this description. He was an Ethiopian serenader—a huge black Tom—with more powerful lungs than any creature, human or feline, I have ever listened to; and I have listened to him by the hour. He was generally located in the back-yard next to our own; but, as far as volume of sound was concerned, he might just as well have been sitting on our counterpane. We scarcely slept at all for the first fortnight of our residence in what we had hoped to call our home, because of this miscreant: he

made night hideous, and retiring to rest a ghastly sarcasm. In the third week, we were delivered from him, but in a very frightful and unusual manner. It was deep, dark night, and all was still except for his hateful voice. Our enemy had got to the second bar or so of his feline overture, when he was interrupted by a succession of the most terrible explosions, each succeeded by flashes of peculiar light. The tardy vengeance of the gods seemed to have reached the creature at last. I thought it was nothing less than thunderbolts. 'My dear Clementina,' observed I, 'that cat has been struck by lightning, I do believe.'

My wife did not contradict me, whereby I knew that she must be very much terrified indeed. She could not, however, have been nearly so frightened as the Cat, who was dumb for more than half an hour afterwards, and whose voice, when again uplifted, had lost three of its highest notes, from excess of terror. The explanation of the phenomenon was simple enough, when we once knew it. The occupier of the neighbouring tenement, whose nights had been disturbed, perhaps for years, by this unmelodious Catalani, and whose soul was consumed by the desire of revenge, had procured a cracker, which, in the dead waste and middle of the night, he had cast with unerring aim at the common disturber of our repose. I only wish he had informed us beforehand of his intention, for never did cracker strike two human souls with such dismay. And yet neither Cat nor Cracker would have thus affected us had it but been day.

That Cat took his impaired vocal powers elsewhere after this circumstance, but not before he had caused us to hate all his kind to that degree that we would never keep one of them in the house. We were, in consequence, much overrun by mice. Every other household in our terrace kept a cat, so that the mice left those dangerous quarters, and concentrated themselves in our particular residence. Now, a mouse, with the exception of a scorpion (of which I have had but little experience), is the creature which, of all domesticated things, I dislike the most; and my wife shares with me the antipathy. Its scratchings, its gnawings, its scamperings, are all abominable to me; and these, again, are only heard after dark. Many a respectable house has lost its reputation, and been set down as Haunted, because of the Voices of the Night—uttered by rats and mice. The former, with a few pieces of old iron, can represent the spirits of murderers hanged in chains, or of knights who have died with their harness on their backs, and even be identified with them (by terror-stricken servant-maidens) feature by feature, provided only it be night; while mice—well, they can make themselves rather formidable too, when the candles are out. It may seem a small thing to some persons to lie awake and listen to these illiputian enemies assembling in force; to hear their bold approaches towards the couch, and their frantic struggles to climb up the bed-curtains. But it was not so with us. Even the valorous Douglas confessed he would rather hear the lark sing than the mouse squeak, by which, it is likely, he meant delicately to hint that he was afraid of the latter noise: nay, scarcely would a professional vermin-destroyer altogether like to find a mouse under his pillow, as happened (along with an hysterical fit) to my beloved consort. When they took to bite her hair—attracted thereto by bandoline or other foreign cosmetic—we thought it time to invest in a mouse-trap. That experiment, so far as regarded the capture of the enemy at least, very considerably exceeded our warmest hopes.

I was awakened the first night we set this snare by the most hideous miniature discord ear ever heard. It was like the *Battle of Prague* performed by an unmusical snuff-box.

'I should think there must be one hundred and

seventy mice caught in that trap,' observed I, as I sat up to listen.

'At the very least,' replied Clementina (whom I had thought to be asleep) in a tone of profound conviction. And yet, upon Night being dissipated by the lighting of a candle, we found it had greatly exaggerated matters. Only *one* mouse, enormously too large for the mouse-trap, had been caught by the neck, and was dragging the whole machine about the room to an accompaniment of the most piteous shrieks. Hatred as the creature was to us—and rendered inexpressibly more terrible by the peculiarity of his position—yet we could not bear to see him in so distressing a plight. As for taking hold of him ourselves, such an idea was not to be entertained for a moment; but my wife was good enough to fetch the cook, and that intrepid person, by the help of the kitchen poker, put an end to the intruder's existence. We kept the candle burning, however, until daylight, like another Sir Darrell Glover and his lady.

The shriek of a railway engine is at all times dissonant, but it breaks upon the startled ear at night like a cry from the very Fiend; its origin, however, once discovered, the prolonged, importunate whistle becomes reassuring, and what is called 'company' to the listener: he lies awake, and thinks of the night-passengers, who have not been to bed at all, and of all the life and business that are still going on in the world. Clocks, again, are scarcely so much as heard in the daytime; they even strike without our noticing them; whereas at night, as light after light goes out, and one is left alone, a solitary sinner-up, the whole house seems pervaded by their garrulous tongues. It is pre-eminently ticking-time; the cricket on the hearth, and the death-watch in the wall, and the clocks, all unite their voices. Death the scythesman who, in front of the big clock in the kitchen, is accustomed to do his day's work in silence, now lets his every sweep be heard in the second-floor front, 'Tick' as he leans backward for the stroke, 'Tock' as he lays low his imaginary corn: the hall-clock eschews the expression 'Tock,' as being vulgar, but is dreadfully distinct with its single syllable: the drawing-room time-piece, which is rarely right, and often stands still altogether by day, is now assiduous to the last degree, nor lets a single quarter of an hour escape without particular record: the watch that lies wrapped in the pocket-handkerchief under the pillow beneath your head, is as vocal as though you held it at your ear; and what it says, and what they all say, is something mysterious. They speak of the Past as well as the Present, of Eternity as well as of Time. They set themselves to whatever thought is uppermost in the mind, and lead it on and on. They are no longer Time-keepers, but miniature Voices—whispers of the Night.

If you make a morning call, there is nothing terrible in the sound of the door-bell, except in its association with the very wearisome ceremony you are about to perform; but if you ring the same bell at midnight, after the family have retired, it has a very different voice. I do not wish any reader of mine to do so merely to test the truth of what I say, for such conduct might give offence; let him be persuaded that it is so. Or if he be so eminently practical as to take nothing upon trust, the next time he wants a box of Seidlitz powders, or of Camphorated Dentifrice, let him put off going to the chemist till very late, and then ring his night-bell. I believe a night-bell is not cast in any peculiar mould, or shaped other than a day-bell, but it has a very different tone indeed. It cries Murder, Fire, Thieves, distinctly, all over the house, until the shivering inmates arise and procure lights, and, coming to the front door, discover that what it should have cried was Camphorated Dentifrice. An alarm-bell is no more than a dinner-bell, if rung in the daytime, and even a fire-bell heard at noon is but a noisy jangle; but listen to either of them, as it awakens the Sleep of night, and how

dreadful is their note of Warning! A peal of bells, again, is almost always pleasant, if not too near; but what an exquisite melody, deeper far than lies in any full-voiced choir, and suggestive of all that is loved and lost, abides in that same peal when it cleaves the scented air of the summer-night, or, even yet more, when the old year is dying! It makes one almost in love with death to hear it.

As I write these words, and pause, the importunate clocks break in together upon me with the news that it is midnight—twenty-four o'clock, as I should say, by the time they take to tell it. 'Go to be—d,' says the vulgar time-piece in the kitchen, with a sulky whirr. 'Now-do, now-do, now-do,' says the cuckoo-clock, hurriedly enough, upon the stairs; and all the rest are of that opinion. So I open the window to bid 'good-night,' as usual, to the drowsy deep.

Calm on the seas and silver sleep,  
And waves that rock themselves to rest

with the old, old lullaby that they first sang when God divided the land from the water. Always sweet and sad, with memories of the past, with dreams of the future, but laden with divine mysteries more than ever, now, when among the Voices of the Night.

#### OUR DICK—A SOCIAL PROBLEM.

THE estate or the business to fortunate Mr Charles, the eldest son—the army or navy for his brother Tom—the family living or a purchased advowson, to be occupied by a warming-pan if it falls in before he is of age to be ordained, for John—but what provision shall be made for Dick?

This question clamours for answer, sooner or later, in all 'respectable' families with wealth of sons. Dick, youngest and scapegrace, is naturally mamma's darling; she presses the matter in his behalf very anxiously. Paterfamilias fences a few years with the query, until it is driven too strongly home to admit of further evasion.

'Well, I don't know, I'm sure,' he replies at last, rubbing his nose nervously. 'We must give him a good education, make him a fair allowance, and let him see what he can do for himself. If there's anything in the lad, it will be sure to come out. He must be the architect of his own fortunes, mamma, eh?'

Seeing no better prospect for the darling, mamma assents with a sigh, and the subject slumbers.

After Dick has scraped through his degree, a family council is held, at which the momentous question is again brought forward—What is to be done with Dick? It is settled, of course, that Tom will, one day, be commander-in-chief of the forces, or at the head of the Admiralty; John is the Archbishop of Canterbury of the future. For poor Dick there is nothing left but to govern the nation as prime minister, or bully lords from the woolstack. Thus his fond mother. He asks and obtains a given time for reflection. Boyhood and youth roll up behind him like a scroll as he comes out of his father's study; before him spreads large, fair, as yet unspotted, the open page of the future. Shall the acts it records, when the final line is drawn, be read by men with respect; or shall they bring shame hot to the brow of kindred for his lazy, useless life.

Much depends upon Dick himself. I am not supposing him either a genius or a fool. I take my specimen younger son as the average type of his class—a decent young Englishman, healthy in body and sound in mind, gifted with no particularly shining abilities, of fair intellect, high animal spirits, good common sense, desirous of honestly making his way in the world. Such a man feels the importance of the decision he is called upon to make.

My ideal Dick, therefore, who, if he knows anything, knows well enough that of the world in which he is henceforth to play his part he knows just nothing—



consults a friend. Luckily for him, he possesses one upon whose judgment and experience he can implicitly rely. Phil Lumley, engaged to Dick's sister, Constance, has been reading for the bar these six years. The apoplexy which carried off his father, and the accidental decease of his elder brother (drowned bathing in the Bosphorus upon his journey home), have released Phil from the necessity of legal drudgery, and Conny and he are to be married in the spring. The eight years he is older than Dick have been passed in acquiring a knowledge of the world, regarded by the younger man with wonder and awe. He thinks Conny a monstrous lucky girl to have secured so skilful a pilot for her life-boat through the storm. It happens that Phil is just now at his place in Leicestershire, partly for shooting, partly to superintend the alterations and fittings-up of the enamoured swain considers indispensable to convert the old manor-house into a bower of paradise for the nightingale he cages in May. So Dick runs down to join his future brother-in-law, and ask his advice.

The two have met. Keen-eyed and practised, Phil detects from the first that there is something on his junior's mind, and waits for its disclosure with anxiety. Apart from the interest he takes in Dick for his sister's sake, he really likes the lad upon his own account, and warmly desires his welfare. 'Boys will be boys,' thinks Phil. 'Dick in a scrape again, I suppose, and wanting counsel's opinion.'

One fine October noon, the friends have punished the pheasants, and are lying out upon a breezy down. Empty sandwich-boxes and pocket-pistols shew that appetite, earned by exercise, has been stilled. The Young Man's Patent Digester, well known in these degenerate times as a prime Regalia, is exercising its soothing influence upon their frames. One heavy bag has already been sent on to the house; another, nearly filled, lies at Dick's feet, the gay plumage of the fallen birds contrasting strangely with the dun livery into which nature has thrown her verdure till grass and field-flowers blossom green and gold. Smoking and chatting, the young men touch on many themes, until a question from Phil Lumley affords the wished-for opportunity to watchful Dick.

'So you managed to pull through at college, after all, Dick,' said Phil. 'Well, and what are they going to make of you, now you write yourself B.A.? It's almost time you began to think about it in earnest.'

'True enough, Phil,' answered Dick eagerly; 'and do you know that's one of the very things I rather want to talk to you about?'

'Really!' returned Phil with well-acted surprise. 'Say on, my boy. Consult the oracle, and the oracle will speak.'

Dick gave his friend at once the details of the family council, mentioned the period allowed him to make up his mind, and then continued: 'You see, Phil, the difficulty's this: I've to decide upon what profession I like best, and upon my word I haven't a particular bent towards any. I know, of course, I must do something, unless I mean to settle down content upon my allowance. There are two reasons against that: first, I'm too lively and active a fellow to lead an objectless life; next, I fancy, somehow, when a man's parents have given him a decent education, and offer in addition to keep him afloat until he can manage to swim strong for himself, they've done their duty towards him. Then comes his turn to do his duty to them, by relieving them as much as he can of the burden of his maintenance. Look at my case, for instance. My father allows me two hundred a year; not a very brilliant sum, you'll say, still I know it's as much as he can conveniently afford, and it's enough for me as a single man. Well, if I could get my own living, that money could go to the girls. It would be a relief to the governor, a benefit to my sisters, and more honourable to me. Don't you see?'

'Well said, Dick, my boy,' cried Phil warmly. 'Shake hands.'

Dick laughed, but blushed with pleasure, too, as he went on: 'I haven't broached that theory at home, you may be sure. The dear old boy and my mother—bless her!—would have cut up very rough if I had. The governor would have asked what the deuce I meant by infringing his prerogative—wasn't it the duty of the old birds to feed their young ones, and all that sort of thing. My mother wouldn't have said much, but she'd have pressed my hand, and looked into my face with that tearful, beseeching expression which I never can stand; I should have gone tender, and promised anything they liked. But I know I'm right, all the same. It's settled, therefore, that I must do something for myself, and the only question that remains is, what that something is to be. Now, here, I want your advice, Phil; you're the only fellow I know who can enter into my feelings, and will counsel me truly, disinterestedly, honestly. Tell me your candid opinion.'

Phil pondered. 'You see, Dick,' he said at last, 'it's rather a wide subject as well as an important one. I don't know that I could undertake to advise without a little previous consideration. First, it would be necessary to know whereabouts you think of spending your future life. At home?—abroad?—in the colonies?—in India? There are so many careers open to a young fellow of spirit, that this knowledge is indispensable.'

To Phil's extreme surprise, a vivid blush made its appearance upon his young friend's face; in school-boy phrase, Dick regularly 'smoked.' 'I should prefer doing something at home,' he stammered presently, 'for—for a particular reason. Or in India—I don't think there would be any objection to India.' And Dick was dumb.

'At home,' repeated Phil; 'that narrows the field, certainly. Perhaps, then, we can consider it in this way: we'll take the courses open to you, one after another, and I'll tell you what I know of the advantages and drawbacks incident to each. How would that do?'

'The very thing!' cried Dick exultingly. 'I shall get your experience and advice, and a bird's-eye view of the world, all together. If you'll do that for me, Phil, old boy, I shall be everlastingly your debtor.'

'We'll begin by establishing the modes of life from which you are shut out,' said Phil, 'and that will simplify the subject. Army, navy, and church are allotted to your brothers. No distant relative whom you never knew, or ancient godfather after whom you were christened, has thought proper to bequeath you a legacy; so you are excluded from any undertaking which requires capital. That oversight limits the choice considerably.'

Dick ruefully admitted that it rather did.

'What results?' continued Phil Lumley. 'That you must fight afoot instead of on horseback; unable to purchase a commission, you must win your way to a baton from the ranks. And Dick, my dear fellow, above all things, disabuse your mind of the notion that competence, or even self-support, is to be gained in any walk of life without hard and continuous work. You cannot go in and win anywhere in a gallop. It's not impossible, indeed, that you may labour all your days, and fail to do more than earn a crust; but it is thoroughly certain that you cannot succeed at all without keeping your shoulder at the wheel. We are agreed, then, that without command of money, you cannot embark in any occupation where money is rapidly made. Trade and commerce, my poor Dick, are not for thee.'

'Very true,' replied Dick; 'but I don't so much regret my want of means on that account. I haven't any ambition to make a colossal fortune. The very little I've been able to pick up has shewn me that a tremendous amount of tin entails a tremendous

amount of annoyance. I'm not a lazy fellow, but I should like to get on in the world with as little trouble as possible, and to have some rational enjoyment of my life. Money-grubbing for money's sake wouldn't suit my complaint at all, Phil, thank you.'

'Fortunate that those are your sentiments, most philosophical Richard, for the temptation is not likely to be placed in your way,' returned Phil, rather dryly. 'But if the acquisition of wealth is not your object, young stoic, why come to me for advice?'

'Haven't I told you, man?' demanded Dick hotly. 'Or can't, or won't you understand? I want to take the burden of my maintenance off my father's hands. I'm old enough to get my own living; and why shouldn't I? Surely there must be plenty of ways in which a fellow can gain a modest competence without his possessing heaps of capital to start with. Well, I come to you to tell me one.'

Phil Lumley looked at the enthusiastic boy with a melancholy smile, and shook his head. 'Ah, Dick, it's easy to see your lines have been cast in pleasant places. My poor fellow, you've got a terrible deal to learn.'

'May be,' said Dick boldly. 'Never mind that. Teach me. You were green yourself once, Phil, I dare say.'

'Very true, Dick, but I gained my experience in a harder school than you'll be called upon to enter. However, to continue. Without capital, you find yourself at once upon the same level with thousands of others. You can't be an employer; you must be one of the employed. You must take your talents, your acquirements into a market where hundreds of thousands offer similar, perhaps better wares. Now, Dick, what have you got to sell?'

'Education, honesty, intelligence,' answered Dick. Again Phil Lumley shook his head. 'Not enough, Dick. Others can offer the same, and the market is glutted. I don't for a moment doubt that your goods are of the finest quality. Knowing you, I can vouch for their excellence. But I tell you plainly—and the frankest course is the kindest—if I required the services of a young fellow in any capacity where education, honesty, and intelligence were wanted, I should expect to purchase something more as well. You have overlooked your most valuable possession, Dick, in your hurry. Think again.'

Dick knitted his brows, ran over in imagination the list of his perfections—he was a modest young fellow, and it was not a long one—but could think of little to add.

'I'm strong and healthy,' he muttered, half abashed to mention such common-place qualities.

'By no means your worst recommendations either,' returned Phil; 'but a navvy possesses them in greater perfection. Think again.'

'I'm a fair shot, can fence, and ride to hounds.'

'Also good,' replied Mentor. 'We may find a use for those qualifications presently. But you haven't caught my meaning yet. Think again.'

Dick gave it up.

'Your most valuable possession, Dick,' said Phil Lumley with a smile, 'is the very one with which you are most anxious to dispense. The two hundred a year you so particularly desire to return to your father, will prove the best friend you ever had, provided you use it wisely. Do you take me?'

'No, Phil, I'm dashed if I do!' asseverated Dick vehemently.

'Don't you see that it enables you to make Fortune wait upon you, instead of your waiting upon Fortune? Your allowance keeps you above want. You are not compelled to depend at once upon any profession you may adopt. You don't want to gain money immediately: in its stead, you win time, to make yourself of greater value. Now, do you see?'

'Well, yes,' replied Dick dubiously; 'I suppose I do.'

'Never mind; we'll make the meaning plainer

presently,' continued his friend. 'Now, first of all, what do you say to the bar?'

'Hm!' said Dick. 'I don't think, somehow, I could do much in that line. I haven't much head for logic. It's too abstract; I can't grasp it; there's nothing tangible. Then, about the pleading—I'm an awful bad speaker.'

'Practice would give you fluency. The other objection—want of concentration upon an abstract subject—is more serious. You see, there are two kinds of barristers: first, the man who goes in for sound and thorough acquaintance with the whole theory and practice of jurisprudence. This is the plodding kind of fellow, who is slow to acquire, but tenacious of what he has once obtained. He is a breathing epitome of law, a walking statute-book. His opinion is sought with an eagerness which shews its value. I could tell you of instances where such men have been raised to the bench without ever holding a brief. Next comes the man who takes to the bar as an introduction to public life. Fluent of speech, and formidable in debate, not over-scrupulous sometimes as to changing sides, skilled in party tactics, he makes it worth the while of a ministry to secure his support or disarm his opposition. Without much real law, he has plenty of such superficial legal gloss as passes current with the world. To seem, is of as much consequence, sometimes, my dear Dick, as to be. I don't recommend either of these courses for your adoption, but you might find a steady conscientious reading for the bar an advantage. Even if you never practised, the knowledge would qualify you for many offices for which barristers are preferred. Only, the road is long, toilsome, and dreary. You may eat your heart out (figuratively), while waiting for the employment professional etiquette will not permit you to seek. There is little prospect in that direction of your being able to take yourself off your father's shoulders this many a year.'

'Then, that won't do, Phil,' said Dick decisively. 'We must try something else.'

'What do you think of medicine?' asked Phil. 'Fine thing to be a great physician or eminent surgeon, you know, Dick. You may be called in to royalty itself, and send down the old name to posterity with a blood-red hand.'

'But there's an awful lot to learn first, isn't there?' asked Dick. 'There's walking the hospitals, and going through the dissecting-rooms, and hearing no end of lectures, and all that sort of thing.'

'You must study your profession, of course,' answered Phil. 'What is more, you must be investigating the phenomena of disease all your life long. A physician without interest or connections, may wait as long for employment as a barrister, and never earn fees enough to get cheese to his bread. A greater chance of advancement is open to a surgeon, but the work is harder and more repugnant to any one at all fastidious. Plenty of sentiment is talked and written about the beauty of aiding suffering humanity. If a man feels a bent that way, by all means let him follow it. I can understand, then, that he would take an absorbing interest in tracing the issues of life and death. Speaking for myself, I think it a nasty, butcherly business at the best. I saw an operation once, and never want to witness another. "Think of that, sir!" said Trephine, who got me into the theatre. "There's a triumph of science. In two minutes and a quarter, a man relieved of a limb with which he couldn't have lived another week, all his arteries taken up, and himself in bed and comfortable without knowing what's happened to him." It was very fine, no doubt. I only know I couldn't share Trephine's professional enthusiasm. The sight made me giddy, sick, and faint, and I couldn't eat dinner for a week.'

'Ugh!' shuddered Dick. 'We'll leave medicine alone, Phil, please.'

'Did you ever think of literature, Dick?' was his friend's next question. 'Ever try to jot down stray thoughts, and lick them into shape afterwards, with a view to publication?'

'What! authorship?' cried Dick, appalled at the magnificence of the idea. 'Lord, Phil, old fellow, I never wrote anything in my life but examination-papers.'

'And letters, I suppose?'

'Well, of course, but you don't mean to call letters authorship, I should hope,' cried peppery Dick.

'What are they else?' inquired his friend. 'Your correspondence is original, surely—not constructed upon the model of some *Polke Letter-writer*. Why, Dick, you seem to be in the predicament of M. Jourdain, who talked prose all his life without knowing it. Here have you been covering quires with domestic authorship, ever since you drew upon imagination to shew the urgent necessity of a new knife, a cake, more pocket-money, and never knew you were a distinguished literary character. Seriously, though, old fellow, what I mean is, that writing letters may have enabled you to try your wings, may have given you an idea whether you possess the power of using your pen. Besides, you must have done themes and compositions both at school and college. How did they run off the reel?'

'Full of kinks, Phil,' returned Dick sighing. 'I haven't got an ounce of imagination. Me an author!' ejaculated Dick, forgetting grammar in the extremity of his wonder. 'Lord, Phil, what ever made you fancy that!'

'You can't tell,' replied Phil. quietly. 'Nobody knows what's in him until he tries to fetch it out. You may become one of the instructors of the age yet, Dick. Everything must have a beginning. I mentioned literature, because that, above all others, is a profession which that much-despised allowance of yours particularly qualifies you for taking up. You can afford to wait, to study, to observe. You can travel, pick up odd waifs and strays from the great ocean of human character, become acquainted with men and manners in various phases, and in many shapes. You would not be compelled, like so many of whom writing is the sole dependence, to rush prematurely into print with crude ideas and half-formed notions, of which you would be heartily ashamed in after-years. There are very pretty pickings to be got off the literary bone in this country, let me tell you.'

But upon this point Dick was immovable. Either his native diffidence or his sense of inability opposed themselves to all the seductions of the tempter, and he sturdily refused to be famous.

'Well, we are getting to the end of our list,' said Phil. 'I see only two or three branches left to which you can devote your talents. How would you like to go to India, and pick up orient pearl and barbaric gold?'

'Ah! that's nearer the mark than anything we've talked of yet!' cried Dick, brightening at the welcome sounds. 'Orient pearl and what-d'ye-callum gold would suit my book admirably, Phil.'

'I don't doubt it,' returned his friend. 'But, like most things worth having in this world, my dear fellow, the privilege must be worked for. However, your course is plain. All you have to do is to get nominated, and prepare to pass the examination. You may take your choice of the Indian dialects—Tamil and Bengalee, by the way, I think are indispensable—put yourself under a coach, who will drive you on to passing pitch in a very few months, if you work hard enough; then go up, get the requisite number of marks, and the thing is done. Your appointment follows as matter of course. You go out with excellent prospects, and are sure to rise in the service. In a couple of years from now, you may be a king of men, Dick—monarch of all you survey, almost uncontrolled satrap of a district as large again as England, and

twice as thickly peopled. How do you like that idea?'

'Won't do, Phil,' replied poor Dick, sadly shaking his head; 'I could never manage that examination business. It was hard enough, I can tell you, to get my degree. How the mischief am I ever to learn that Tamil and Cherokee—well, Bengalee, then? No, Phil; if that's the only road to India, no orient pearls and barbaric gold for me.'

'Then there's the Civil Service at home,' suggested Phil; 'although promotion is slow, it is sure. If you could get into the Foreign Office or the Treasury, and displayed talent, your superiors would soon have you in parliament. Ministries are always the better for a little fresh blood, and their own men keep away troublesome outsiders. If you were found useful in the House, you might become a junior lord, or be put into some other of the subordinate ministerial berths. If the Opposition came in next week, it wouldn't matter; having once borne office, you would always be upon the list for choice again. Has the life of a public man no charms for your unsophisticated mind?'

'I shouldn't so much mind the Civil Service if it weren't for that hideous examination,' answered Dick. 'I know it isn't hard—not half so difficult as the one I've already passed; but I should be plucked, Phil, to a certainty. If I had been coached up ever so well, the moment it came to the pinch, all I'd been grinding would evaporate like—like—ah! like that puff of smoke—regularly ooze out of my finger-ends.'

'Well, if it only oozed through your pen on to the examination-paper, that would be exactly what is required,' answered Phil.

'Yes, but it wouldn't,' said Dick piteously. 'I should recollect every bit of it next day, I know; there wouldn't be a question I couldn't answer then pretty decently, but at the decisive moment I should be an empty sieve.'

'There are two other ways of getting you on towards being prime minister,' continued Phil, after a further vain attempt to combat Dick's horror of examinations. 'What do you say to being private secretary to an influential member, perhaps even to one of the cabinet, if we could get you the appointment? Such a post would give you an insight into the requisites for statesmanship, a knowledge of what I may call the stage business and "carpenters' sets" of government, which would be inexpressibly useful. You'd find out how history is made, then, my dear Dick; and take my word, the discovery would be both curious and surprising. There is a path to parliament in this direction, if you have only patience enough to tread it.'

'Hard work, I suppose?' asked Dick.

'Very,' was the reply, 'and as fatiguing as unsatisfactory. You must be your employer's coach, keep yourself up to the mark of latest information upon every important topic, extract the marrow from the question, and administer it in a neat and compact little bolus, that his mental digestion can easily assimilate. Competition will keep you up to your work. Your patron's political rivals, if better coached by their respective secretaries than he by you, will not fail to twit him with his want of information—and you will suffer. You will have to write his letters, to reply to the innumerable applications he receives with every post. The importunate must be repuled, the troublesome evaded, the pertinacious parried; yet none must be offended. Your patron will shine with your lustre, and you must congratulate him upon his brilliance. If he is sick, you must be sorry; if in good spirits, it is not for you to be sad. You must watch his countenance as if it were a barometer, and learn to read the moods the changes of his features portend. A hard life, Dick, my boy, but an instructive one. You will learn more here in a month than elsewhere in a year. How do you like the prospect?'



'That's nothing for me, Phil,' answered Dick shortly; 'I couldn't stoop to truckle to any man's humours.'

'There is one other course, then, left,' returned his friend. 'Suppose we could get you appointed *attaché* to an embassy? For the first few years, of course, you would be unpaid. In company with two or three other young fellows of your own standing, you would see foreign life and manners, mix with courts, and learn dissembling. You would practise the art—for it is an art—of conveying little meaning in many civil phrases. You would discover the deep truth of the saying, that speech is meant to conceal thought. You will become a master of tongue-fence, if you really study your profession; otherwise, you will simply pass an easy, lazy, well-dressed, comfortable life. By degrees, if sound prudent, you will advance to the position of paid *attaché*, then of *chargé d'affaires*; and in the course of years, when skilled in diplomatic craft and wiles, you may perhaps obtain a mission. It is most probable, however, that if found really able, this promotion will never fall to your lot. You will remain the competent, trustworthy aid, upon whom the real work of the embassy will devolve, while the honours and the snuff-boxes with illustrious portraits set in brilliants, will be conferred upon a titled old gentleman, whose interest and proxy are useful to the ministry at home. Does this prospect please you better?'

'No!' roared Dick savagely. 'No, no; I tell you a thousand times no. What! I am to do the work, that another may earn the credit; my sickle shall reap the corn, and the harvest be gathered into another man's barn! Never! At any rate, I'll have the reward of my own toil, however small or mean. Why, every labourer's worthy of his hire.'

'There is a notion of that description prevalent in the world, I am aware,' said Phil. Lumley calmly, blowing off a heavy cloud from his Regalia. 'When you've seen a little more of life, I think you'll find how rarely it is founded on fact.'

'Then it's a bad, ugly, wicked, vicious, sneaking state of society!' ejaculated Dick, 'to which I, for one, am determined never to submit. Now, do you really mean to say, Phil. Lumley, you who know every move, and are acquainted with the various ins and outs of life, that you don't know any other method than any of those we have discussed—none of which you see will at all meet my views—by which a fellow may get on decently in the world?'

'I should be very sorry to say anything of the sort, Dick,' replied Phil. 'All that I have done has been to impart to you, as well as I am able, my honest opinions upon certain subjects. It's unreasonable to quarrel with your doctor because you don't like physic. Remember that I have not been favoured with your full confidence yet.'

'How do you know that?' cried startled Dick, with a guilty blush.

'Never mind. Is it the case, or is it not?'

Dick hung his head; confession spoke in every feature.

'Of course,' continued Phil, 'I saw from the beginning you had a reserve. I don't reproach you, my dear fellow. Your confidence is your own, to bestow or to withhold as you think proper. Recollect this, however: whenever you consult your clergyman upon the condition of your soul, your physician upon the state of your health, your lawyer upon your worldly prospects, the fullest and most candid statement of your position is also the most judicious. No man can form a correct judgment, unless acquainted with every circumstance of his client's case. If you have anything further to tell me now, I shall be happy to advise. I shall not pay either you or myself so bad a compliment as to promise secrecy.'

'It wasn't that I doubted your discretion for an

instant, dear old Phil, believe me,' returned Dick earnestly; 'only you see, the fact is, one feels a diffidence—it isn't my secret alone—somebody else's—er-er-happiness is bound up with mine—I didn't feel justified'— And Dick's not over-lucid explanation died away in an inarticulate quaver.

'Oh, that's it, eh?' observed Phil. 'Well, no harm in that, Dick, so long as the party's suitable. Yes, of course you think so; I quite understand that. Now the murder's out, and nothing so very dreadful after all. In fact, it may be just what is required to steady and correct a certain— What shall I call it? Well, a species of—let us say, flightiness, alanderers have attributed to otherwise as excellent a young fellow as ever breathed. Shake hands again, Dick; I congratulate you, my boy.'

'You're very good, Phil,' answered Dick, performing the ceremony with some lugubriousness of demeanour; 'but it's a long way off yet, old boy, and an immense deal to be gone through first, I see now clearer than ever. Ah, Phil, and she is the dearest darling'—

'Naturally,' interrupted Phil; 'always excepting Conny.'

'Conny!' interjected Dick indignantly. 'But of course it's quite right you should think so, though how any fellow with eyes in his head could ever'—

'Never mind, Dick; we won't pursue the subject. The reason of your anxiety to establish yourself in life is now perfectly clear. Tell me, as briefly as you can, what are your precise desires?'

'To relieve my father, start in life, make a pot of money, marry Hetty Wayne. There!' cried Dick.

'Hetty Wayne, eh? So she is the goddess at whose shrine our susceptible heart has deposited the first-fruits, &c. Hm! I rather like your taste, young fellow; but as for comparing Hetty Wayne with Conny, Master Dick, excuse me, but that's rather too— Well, well, I'll say no more. However, I'm now in possession of all the circumstances of your peculiar case, am I? Good; then now for the cross-examination. How old are you, Dick?'

'Twenty next April.'

'Nineteen and a half!' ejaculated Phil, turning up his eyes, 'and thinking already of a race of future Dick's. Shade of Malthus, forgive his sin! You said April, I think. Anywhere near the commencement of the month?'

'No, Mr Cynic—the twenty-fourth.'

'Anniversary of the foundation of Bedlam,' observed Phil gravely. 'Remarkable coincidence. Well, you're fond of country pursuits, are you not? You like horses, and know something about farming, don't you?'

Dick admitted the impeachment.

'Did you ever hear of a country called Australia, Dick?'

'Of course.'

'There's a field for your talents.'

'What, emigrate!' cried Dick, a whole flood of light suddenly streaming in upon his mind. 'By Jove, Phil, we've hit it at last!'

When last I heard of Dick, five years had passed since that October noon. The younger son had just written home the glad tidings that his wife had given him an heir. Some notion of the course which, by Phil's advice, he had pursued to conquer fortune, may be gleaned from the following extract:

'Next mail, your own correspondent will resume her functions. You know I was never much of a hand at writing, and I seem worse than ever since Hetty's elected herself secretary-in-chief. Important business matters which I didn't wish to speak of until they were definitively arranged, caused my silence for the last two months. Now everything is settled, and I have taken a partner. Hetty thinks she has told you already of Fred. Lorton, as honest a fellow as you ever

saw. Well, he's the man. You see, although we've got on amazingly, considering the short time we've been out, want of capital has always hampered us sorely. Fred Lorton has lots of tin, but little experience; I was rich in experience, but poor in cash; we've made a deal of it, and expect to do well.

'Give my love to dear old Phil., and tell him that (under God) I owe all my good-fortune to his judicious advice. But for him, I should never have dreamed of spending a year upon a Westmoreland sheep-farm; of visiting the stock-markets and fairs in Germany; of getting acquainted with the best brands of wool; of passing six jolly months at punctilious old Don Ramon Yriarte's hacienda in Ecuador, and getting initiated into all the mysteries of the corral. I think Fred. was more struck with the persuasive way in which I hassled a rebellious young bull, who thought he shouldn't like to be branded to'ther morning, than with any other item of my stock-breeding knowledge.'

This younger son, at any rate, chalked out a path in the world for himself. He bids fair to found a family and to leave a name. It would not be amiss, perhaps, were many who experience Dick's embarrassment in choosing a profession, to adopt his remedy.

### A STORY OF THE REIGN OF TERROR.

FROM THE DIARY OF CITIZEN DROUET, A PRISONER FIRST IN THE PORT LIBRE, AND THEN IN THE CONCIERGERIE.

WHEN dragged from the club in the Quai Voltaire, where I had been rash enough to denounce the cruelties of the tyrant Robespierre, I was thrust by three gens d'armes into a glass coach, and driven to the prison of the Port Libre, followed by a crowd of sans-culottes, who, waving their red caps, and brandishing their pikes, threatened me with death, and roared out as the prison-doors closed on me: '*Ca ira, ça ira!* more food for the holy guillotine.'

But directly I set foot in the prison-garden, I found myself by no means so unhappy as I had feared I should be. Our good old jailer, Brutus Benoit, was as considerate and merciful as he dared be. Above all, I had the great pleasure of meeting my old friends the Marquis de Fleury and the Count de Mirepoix, and above all, the brave and amiable old Marshal de Moncy; not to mention the Abbé Bazire, and the Duchess de Mereville, &c. Indeed, there was no lack of society at the Port Libre. There were ten of us in a room, and we lived like brothers; each in turn swept the chamber, went for water, and helped in the cooking, and each in turn paid the day's expenses of forty sous. The poor were supported among us by subscription.

We men occupied a large, three-storied building, with a long corridor, and thirty-two cells in each; at the end of each corridor there was a large stove. The first of these stories was called the Unity Room; the second, the Republican Room, and the third, the Sans-culottes. The ladies occupied a separate building, guarded by an iron door and sentinels; but in the evening we were all together. On the first floor there was a large saloon, where we dined at six tables of sixteen covers each. In the evening, we met together. The ladies had a small table, where they sat and embroidered and knitted; the men, at a larger table, read aloud, wrote, or listened. A strict silence was observed while the reading went on. Then followed a little supper, where every one did his best to forget he was in prison, and to amuse his companions. We were more like a family party in an old country château, than a band of unfortunates doomed to speedy death. It was at seven o'clock when the ladies appeared—on whose entry, the gentlemen resigned their seats—that the newspaper was read aloud; and two of our number, who could play the violoncellos, performed selections from the best operas of Rameau and Lulli.

We were allowed to walk in the gardens, where,

after meeting at roll-call, we could stay till eleven o'clock. It was the cloister-court, formerly the cemetery of the monks; and four great yews and some dozen lime-trees furnished us with a cheerful shade.

In this delightful society, my great friend was the old Marshal de Moncy, our chief musician. In his square-cut maroon coat, long flapped waistcoat of black satin, his white silk-stockings, and trimly powdered head, an enormous three-cornered hat in his left hand, he looked the very picture of a gentleman of the old régime. He persisted in wearing the silver buckles so hateful to the true Jacobin; and all tricolor cockades, aashes, or carmagnole spencers he utterly abhorred.

It was the second day of my imprisonment that I met the brave and courtly old soldier staggering under the weight of a huge pail of water, which I insisted on carrying for him, in spite of all his protestations that the exercise did him good, and that the weight was nothing. He then left me, to sweep the room; and for half an hour I watched him askance with reverent pity as he bent his white head, dusting our rude tables and chairs with all the care and anxiety of the waiter of a café. This I bore pretty well; but when he began to rub a stewpan, clean our silver, and prepare to cook our humble meal, I could bear it no longer. All my reverence for age rose into my heart; and thoughts of my poor old father, just the marshal's age, brought hot tears into my eyes. I went up, and laughingly proffered my services as assistant-cook; with a kindly smile, the marshal bowed graciously, and thanked me, like a true old courtier. In another moment, we were both deep in the concoction of a stew, and shredding onions. It was delightful to see the air with which the marshal turned up his ruffles to peel the onions; delightful to observe the cheerful gaiety with which he tried to make the odious prison-task assume the character of a picnic. He soon got into confidential conversation.

'Does this confinement prey upon you, Monsieur Drouet?' said the marshal, reaching over for the salt, and sprinkling it as carefully as Vatel could have done. 'It is nothing, when viewed philosophically. Imagine the retirement voluntary, and you are at once free as Monsieur Robespierre himself.'

I was about to reply that I scarcely found my philosophy quite adequate to the occasion, pleasant as the society at Port Libre was, when the Abbé Bazire came tripping up.

'Bravo, my dear marshal!' he said; 'and bravo, Monsieur Drouet! How can we complain of the Port Libre meals when such cooks attend to our comforts! Good news, good news, *mes amis*; to-day is the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille. Glorious day that—ushered in the great men who now cram this prison with innocent gentlemen! I and the ladies of the prison have determined to celebrate it fittingly, with a *bal à la victime*, one of the last fashionable inventions of this glorious epoch. The ladies are to wear the red frock of the guillotine-day; and no one is to be allowed to dance unless he has already lost some relation by that sharp regenerator of the human race, Marshal de Moncy, your violoncello will be invaluable.'

'I shall be proud and happy,' said the marshal. 'We must strew this prison with flowers, or we shall all die of ennui. The best music of Rameau and Lulli shall to-night be at your disposal. Be kind enough to tell the ladies, and with my best wishes.'

At that moment, Jazard, a drunken, indolent turnkey, of whom the worthy Benoit was afraid, came down the corridor, a fierce mastiff at his heels, a pitcher in one hand, a huge bunch of keys in the other, and a huge sabre swinging by his side.

The marshal had by this time finished his cooking, washed his hands, and having brought his violoncello from its case in his bedroom, was bending over it in



all the pleasant agony of tuning. Jazard stopped as he came opposite the marshal, and regarded him with an insolent leer.

'*Eh bien*,' said the brute, 'you seem to be enjoying yourself, old gentleman. One would think you were in Versailles, or one of Capet's parties, with your fiddling and rubbish. Why don't you play the *Carmagnole*—that's something like music—or the tramping *Marseillaise*? You perhaps don't know what's in store for you, or you wouldn't be fiddling like that. Did you ever hear of the Abbé, and what the brave citizens did to him?'

The marshal looked up at last, but quite calm. 'Away, brute, fool!' he said: 'your voice puts my *viole d'amour* out of tune.'

This calmness of the old courtier irritated Jazard. 'Take care,' said he—'take care, old suspect, or I'll denounce you, and get you locked up till the guillotine is ready to shave you.'

Another instant, and I struck the rascal to the ground, and beat him with the flat of his own sabre.

The wretch's cries soon brought Benoit to his help, but he had no sympathiser in him.

'What! at your old tricks again, Jazard, tormenting quiet people? Get out of this corridor: you have no business in this part of the prison. You're only fit to look after galley-slaves, as you once did. Out of the corridor—quick! or I'll send for the guard.'

Jazard skulked away, muttering threats, and denouncing us all. Benoit stopped a moment behind to apologise. 'Jazard is drunk,' he said, 'and has been losing at dice; when he is sober, he is not so bad. Those soldiers will give him brandy.'

The evening came, and all was merriment. The dining-tables were piled out of the way, and the grand saloon made really a very tolerable ball-room. We were all as gay and noisy as if we were at a *fête champêtre*. There was a roar of thoughtless laughter when the Duchess de Mereville swept into the room, followed by all the ladies, dressed in the ominous red gown. The abbé had insisted on our all wearing little silver guillotines at our button-holes. The minuets were danced with a courtly grace worthy of Trianon. The marshal himself opened the ball with the duchess, and it was delightful to see him take off his three-cornered hat and bow. Presently he betook himself to the orchestra, and gave us some beautiful airs of his own composing.

I was just handing my partner to a seat, when I saw Benoit come in with a sad face, and hand a note to the marshal. I saw him go to the door and beckon to me. A great change had come over his face. I followed him out into the cloister, which the moon now spotted here and there with silver; we sat down together under a yew-tree, in the deepest shadow; one foot of mine alone caught the moonshine.

'My dear friend,' said the marshal, 'I have learned in this prison to love you. I must now tell you a secret that is now tearing my very heart in two. You know me to be a widower. You think me childless. I am not! I have one son; he is a debauchee, a godless vagabond; he broke his mother's heart. He broke all ties of birth; he deserted his regiment; he forsook his God. He is a wandering musician; a low, strolling actor, one of the vermin of Paris. He is lost to all shame; he has disgraced the noble name of De Money. My curse is on him; I have vowed never again to see his face. He now writes that I am in great danger, and that he could save me if he could once obtain entrance to the prison. He begs me to forgive him, and to allow him to get himself arrested and brought here. He even now waits at the gate for an answer—abandoned wretch!'

'And you have answered, you will forgive him?'

'I have but one answer,' said the marshal, moving into the moonlight, which seemed to turn him suddenly, to a white stone image—that I will never see him again. You are my friend: will you

see this lost creature, and tell him so? I have no one but you to send.'

I saw it was in vain to argue. I undertook the painful embassy. I passed by the noisy ball-room into the quiet outer courts. I reached at last the outer grating. Through the bars peered a pale, careworn face, the features of which strongly resembled those of the marshal.

'You come from my father?' he said, thrusting in his long thin hand for a letter.

'I do,' I replied.

'The letter—quick!'

'Alas! I have none.'

'The message, then. Quick! I may come to him?'

'It pains me to bring such a message from a father to a son, but I am compelled to tell you that the marshal has sworn to Heaven never to see your face again.'

'Didn't I tell you so?' said Benoit, coming up. 'The marshal is all steel.'

The young man clung to the grating, and groaned deeply. 'I thank you, stranger,' he said, 'for the sympathy your voice expresses. God knows, I have known but little from others. There is then but one hope left. Farewell! we shall meet again.'

I went back, pondering over his words; they implied some impending danger. That same night, I was awaked by a dozen lanterns flashing in my eyes. A crowd of ruffians in red caps surrounded my bed. They carried pikes and naked sabres, and the dogs that followed them growled and bayed at us as we sat up in bed to be counted. A wretch in a tricolor sash read aloud to us an extract from the *Republican Courier*: 'The Revolutionary Tribunal determines to crush the ci-devants. The aristocrats yesterday condemned sixty conspirators to death.'

We had scarcely risen the next morning, before our cruel enemy Jazard came to tell us, with brutal delight, that we were to be transferred that afternoon to the Conciergerie. That morning, as we waited for the escort, the abbé, ever gay, wrote the following verses to the tune of *C'est aujourd'hui mon jour de barbe*:

Pleasures, adieu; good-bye to you,

St Rose, St George, and dear Champagne;

Good-bye, my belle; good-bye, *ma chère*.

Why should philosophers complain?

The guillotine to-day will shear

The head its owner once held dear.

Good-bye, Port Libre, beauties all;

That graceful queen of ours, Julie,

Louise, Hélène, and Marguerite,

And above all, the loved Marie.

The guillotine cries: 'Come away,

*En route*, for Samson will not stay.'

With a bold heart, but tearful eyes, we took farewell of our friends. The duchess wept, as the marshal bent and kissed her hand; the abbé hummed an opera tune; Benoit shed more tears than any of us; Jazard growled and cursed under breath, and swore he would come to see us guillotined. Handkerchiefs and hats waved as we took our seats for the ominous journey.

It was with a heavy heart I entered the gloomy portals of the Conciergerie. Our days were now numbered. Even the marshal seemed weighed down with gloomy thoughts. I think that some love for that unhappy son, still half unconsciously to himself, weighed upon his mind. His gaiety had forsaken him; he seemed now to long for death. I observed this hopelessness even at the moment of entering the Conciergerie. We were waiting between the first and second wickets, to have our names taken down, when suddenly the tocsin sounded from a neighbouring church; and there came a rush of *sans-culottes* past

the door, rattling their pikes, and shouting the *Carmagnole*. We heard the clatter of their sabots, and the roll of a gun-carriage. Even the governor of the prison turned pale.

'They are going to massacre us,' we cried in a breath.

'Then let me be the first to die,' said the marshal, striding to the entrance, and flinging his cocked-hat behind him.

We ran and tore him back. That moment the gates opened, and a crowd of men, armed with pikes, axes, and sabres, thrust in half-a-dozen unhappy fresh prisoners, and then withdrew.

'I had hoped that my time had come: I am weary of life,' said the marshal regretfully to me, as we walked together to our cell.

'We shall be martyrs,' I replied; 'but let us be like the martyrs, patient, and bear the crosses God sends us.'

'It is not the prison or the guillotine that weighs me down, coward that I am!' said the marshal, hiding his face.

The prisoners in the Luxembourg and the Port Libre spent their days in pleasant gardens and orchards, for their jailers were humane; but the Conciergerie, where I was confined, was an ante-chamber of hell, and few left its dark vaults but to pass to the guillotine.

You entered our prison through two wickets; each of these wickets was about three feet and a half high, and formed part of a larger door. If you did not take care, you either knocked your nose against your knee, or broke your head against the lintel. Each of these wickets had its turnkey, chosen for his strength as well as for his sharpness and sagacity. When a new turnkey was appointed, a bouquet was hung over the door, which he was in future to guard. The successful candidate got himself trimmed up by the perruquier, and treated his friends with wine.

Between the first and second doors, the governor, or one of the oldest turnkeys, ordinarily sat enthroned in an arm-chair, and with a table before him. Richards, the governor of the Conciergerie, was a person of supreme self-importance, and much courted and flattered by the relations and friends of his prisoners. They watched with the keenest eagerness to see if he smiled, for then he was in a good-humour to listen to petitions for interviews; but if he frowned, he was put out, and then they all trembled.

From this throne emanated the orders for the regulation of the prison, and here were settled all disputes between the jailers themselves, as well as those between the jailers and the prisoners. There was an old turnkey always standing near the first wicket, to observe all who went out or came in. When a new prisoner entered, the governor called out: 'Observe this fellow,' and the prisoner was then examined by all the guards, in order that they might be able ever after to recognise him.

On the left hand, after passing the wicket, was a place partitioned off by barriers, the one half kept for storing papers, the other being the place where those who were condemned to death awaited the *charrettes* or open carts that conveyed them to the guillotine. From this *greffe* enormous doors led you into the dungeons called *La Souricière*. These dungeons were very filthy from neglect, and full of rats.

Facing the entrance was the wicket that led to the women's ward and to the infirmary. On the right were two dimly lighted rooms, where the jailers slept, and where the women condemned to death were placed to await the *charrettes*. Between these two chambers was a wicket, leading to the most terrible part of the prison, having on the left, as you entered, the chapel and the counsel-room, both used as dormitories for prisoners.

On entering the court, there was a double iron

door on the right, at the end of a kind of gallery. Passing through this court, you arrived at the various rooms of the prison by an old, shaky, and worm-eaten staircase.

There were three sorts of prisoners—those whose dungeons were never opened but by the jailers when they brought food or searched the prisoners; and those who were let out of their dungeon at eight o'clock in the morning, and locked up again at sunset. During the day, these poor creatures moped about the courts, or, in bad weather, huddled in the loathsome and filthy galleries, to escape the cold wind and rain. As for those innocent men, who, fifty in a dungeon, were crowded into the great towers of *Le Grand César*, *St Vincent*, *Belair*, they were carried off wholesale by contagious diseases, occasioned by the filth of the floor and the rotten straw of the neglected beds.

But it was not alone these miseries we had to endure. Every night, we had to endure fresh degradations when the doors were locked, and the names of the prisoners were called over. There were usually three or four half-drunken jailers, followed by half-a-dozen dogs that were kept to guard the courts at night. They had usually an incorrect, half-illegible list, which they could scarcely decipher. They called a wrong name; no one answered. Then they broke out swearing and threatening; then some one would explain the mistake, and at last they would pronounce the name correctly. One of the jailers then counted the prisoners as the others drove them in one by one. Three or four mistakes were usually made in the counting, and each time the wretched men were driven out again with shouts and curses.

It was in the enclosure between the first and second gate that prisoners were allowed to see their wives and children. There brave women, in spite of a thousand dangers, came to bid their last adieus. Seats were placed for them round the walls. These affecting scenes took place while *gens d'armes* were transferring prisoners, or waiting for the carts that were to convey prisoners to execution.

On the third day of our imprisonment, a gleam of hope shone out upon us—the excellent Benoit was appointed gate-keeper, the Port Libre being handed over to the tender mercies of that horrid Jazard. I was at the gate when he arrived, and I ran to inform the marshal, who now seldom ventured from his cell; but even this could scarcely rouse him. 'I have done with life,' he said; 'I wait only for the *charrette* that is to take me to the guillotine.' I did all I could to remove this despondency, but still he shook his head, and remained silent.

The fourth evening, just before our last meal, I was talking with Benoit at the gate, when there came a tapping at the wicket, and his face suddenly assumed an air of alarm and mystery. The door opened, and a man, with his hat drawn down over his eyes, presented himself. It was the unhappy son of the marshal. He thrust himself in hastily as the door opened, and started when he saw me; but Benoit reassured him by a whisper.

'Quick, quick!' he said, in an agitated voice; 'take me, Benoit, to my father. To-night, the monsters send for him. I have just seen the list, and his name struck through with red ink in Robespierre's own hand. Quick! I have the opiate here under my cloak, and the paints with which to paint our faces. Great God, give me strength in that hour!'

I looked at Benoit inquiringly.

'It is true,' he said. 'Monsieur here is so brave and good a son, that, though despised, abandoned, he has determined to die for his father. He will to-night, by my help, drug the marshal's wine, and while he is insensible, move him to his own bed, and take his place.'

'It is madness,' I said: 'it will destroy both.'

'It is not madness, monsieur,' said the young man;

'it has been tried in other prisons, and succeeded. I have been an actor; I know how to paint a face in a few moments to represent either youth or age. You sleep in my father's room; you love my father—I see it in your eyes—you will help me to change his dress, and remove him from one bed to the other. The wretches who come for the prisoners will trust to Benoit's report. They do not know their victims personally. Before suspicion is roused, my head will have fallen.'

'But this heroic sacrifice,' said I, 'may not save your father; in a few days, perhaps, the order will come for your death; then he too will perish.'

'No, no,' he cried. 'There are signs that Robespierre is already tottering to his fall. His own friends fear him, and are plotting against him. He has compromised himself with those ridiculous mystics who have been arrested. The devil he has served so well is deserting him—the bond is run out. The few days' respite will bring more merciful rulers to France, and save my father. But we loiter. Quick! Benoit. Why do I prate here, when every minute death is approaching nearer to my father! Stranger, will you aid me?'

I made no reply, for something rose in my throat and checked my utterance; then I shook the brave man's hand warmly.

'You will see how soon I can disguise myself from my father,' said the voluntary prisoner, stepping into the guard-house, and placing himself before a small looking-glass that he drew from his pocket and hung on a nail in the wall. In five minutes he reappeared a bowed and tottering old man, his skin yellow, crows-feet round his eyes, his face wrinkled, even his teeth changed in colour—his hair was gray, his back bent.

'Have the other prisoners seen my father?' he said to Benoit, who was staring at him as if he was a magician.

'Only two of them: they were executed yesterday,' replied Benoit. 'The marshal came at night, and has since confined himself closely to his chamber.—Come,' said he to me, 'let us go, and lead up our new prisoner, since it must be, though I would give a year's salary willingly to save this brave and generous son.'

'Lead on, Benoit; you waste flattery on a man doomed to death.'

We led him up between us, muffled in a cloak.

When we entered the cell, the marshal was seated on a low stool, with his back to us, and busy stirring a small dirty saucepan. He scarcely turned round as we entered; when he did so, slowly, he said with a profound melancholy: 'What! another sheep to the shambles? O Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!'

'Our new friend is an old man, and sick,' I said, as we laid the marshal's son upon the bed near him, 'and he would sleep; so do not disturb him, while I go again below to hear the list read for to-night.' As I spoke, I contrived to turn my back on the marshal, and slip the opiate-powder into his day's allowance of wine that stood on the table.

'I will not disturb him,' said the marshal, still bending over the fire. 'I have suffered too much myself to have any wish to add to the sufferings of others. Let him sleep, poor old man: sleep is the greatest happiness left to us, God knows. Do you know, dear comrade,' said he, rising suddenly, and taking my hands between his as Benoit left the cell, with one long anxious look at the now apparently sleeping man, 'that I have a presentiment of coming evil strongly upon me. Our family have this presentiment in a sort of almost prophetic way. I think the order for my death will come to-night, and pray God it may, for now my son is lost to me, I no longer care for life!'

'Oh, these presentiments are the mere result of a momentary despondency. But your son, my dear marshal, are you so sure he is lost to you? Have you

not been somewhat stern and unforgiving to him? Have you sufficiently remembered (pardon my preaching) Christ's own words: "Forgive, and ye shall be forgiven?"'

'Enough!' said the marshal, stamping impatiently; 'he is utterly bad—the droge of an old race. He is shameless, abandoned; he broke his mother's heart. Mention not his name again. Even under the very guillotine, I would not give him my hand. *Chui!* how long this pot is boiling.'

'Shall I take your place while you finish your supper?' said I.—By this time the new prisoner was audibly asleep.

'No—a thousand thanks—no,' replied the marshal, drinking his wine. 'You go down stairs, and hear the evening list read, and answer for me at the roll-call, and I will superintend the *cuisine*. Go, *mon enfant*, and leave the poor old marshal to his sorrowful thoughts, his dreary cell. Go, *mon enfant*.'

When I got down to the guard-house at the first wicket, I found a great commotion. The magistrates of the section had just arrived in full pomp, and were reading the list of persons that day condemned to death at the Revolutionary Tribunal. It was already dark, and one of them was reading by torchlight, which lit up his dark yellow face, and shone on his tricolor plumes and sash, and ponderous sabre. A crowd of pikemen in red caps surrounded him, and as every name was read, they clashed their pikes, and shouted:

'Ca ira, ça ira, la nation réusira.'

The villain read in a cruel, mechanical voice: 'Achille Val de Grace, No. 23, Avocat. Jules Chaulien, No. 41, Cordonnier. Pierre Baron, No. 14, Tapissier. George Pécourt, No. 12, Ferblantier. Le Marshal de Moncy, No. 38. C'est tout.'

Again the murderers clashed their pikes, and tossed up their red caps. The thought of an ex-marshal doomed to death was delicious to them.

Benoit grasped my arm. 'It has come,' he whispered; 'I thought it would.'

I did not answer, but I ran up stairs. The scene was indeed changed. The marshal was lying asleep on his bed, his face fortunately uppermost, for he lay on his back. The emptied tumbler stood on the table where he had left it.

His son was bending over his unconscious father, and when I entered, he beckoned me to come to him, leaving the light at a distance. I went to him, and looked at the sleeping man's face, no longer old, careworn, but young, rosy, black eyebrows, and dark hair.

I looked at the son. He was still old, but of a different sort of old age from when I saw him last. He was the exact image of the old marshal, even in dress, for he had assumed that too, and the transformation was complete. It seemed the young man that was on the bed asleep; the old man who leaned over him with such watchful tenderness.

'Has the evening's list come?' he said, turning impatiently to me.

'It has,' I said: 'it has just been read.'

'And my father's name—it was there?'

'It was,' I said mournfully. 'The tumbrels come at daybreak.'

'Thank God!' he said, falling on his knees, and raising his clasped hands to heaven. 'I have prayed long and earnestly for this hour. Spirit of my mother, accept this atonement from thy unhappy son!'

We spent that night in prayer and solemn communion. The repentant son, devoting himself to death, to atone for the sins of a wasted youth, told me the story of his life; how he had abandoned his father's home, and turned strolling-player. It seemed to me that, though rash, heedless, and disobedient, he had fallen into no greater sin. Still, nothing I could say could induce him to relinquish his project of self-sacrifice.



It was about an hour to daybreak, and we still sat talking in a low voice by the flame of the single dying lamp, when we heard a babble of voices at the outer gate, then the sound of heavy wheels, and the clang of bolts drawn hastily back.

'They come! they come!' he cried. 'Quick; blow out the light. I shall throw myself on the outside of the bed, that I may not keep them waiting, for fear my father should awake.'

As he said this, he stooped down and kissed the forehead of his sleeping father, then blew out the light, and threw himself on the marshal's bed.

'Farewell, brave Roman son!' I replied; 'may you be rewarded in heaven.'

'Hush, hush!' he cried.

We heard steps on the stairs, then doors opened in the corridor, the clatter of grounded pikes, the growls of the jailers' dogs, the unbolting of doors; then cries, sighs, and groans—passionate farewells—sometimes threats, curses, and scuffles.

The doors to be visited were always marked the night before with a large cross in white chalk. Soon the men moved on to our door, and stopped.

'This is No. 38,' said Benoit. 'Here is my cross. You will find the old marshal, poor soul! on the third bed to the left—the one nearest the wall. The other two are not ripe yet.'

'Oh, they'll soon be ready for shaving, I don't doubt,' cried a rougher voice; then there was a chorus of hoarse laughing.

The bolts jolted back, and five men with torches entered the cell. They went up to the bed described by Benoit, and pulled the disguised man rudely by the arm.

'Come,' they said, 'quick! Monsieur le Marshal de Moncy's carriage stops the way. Dress, and come down. You must be a cool-nerved citizen, Moncy, to sleep like that, when in an hour's time you will begin such a long nap.'

'I am ready,' said the brave son, in an admirably disguised voice. 'The waiting is tedious, but the death will be delightful. To-night, I hope to meet my king in heaven.'

'A game bird,' said one of the torch-bearers. 'As for you, citizens, go to sleep, and dream of being guillotined.'

'My friend here is ill,' I said; 'do not wake him. You have your man—go.'

'Come,' said the disguised man; 'I am ready—come. Adieu, my dear friend, adieu! We tore ourselves apart. In another moment, my door was clanged to, and I was alone with the sleeping man. How can I describe my thoughts in that dark silence; how full of pity for the brave son, of pity for the poor, saved, but bereaved father.'

About daybreak, the sound of the tocsin and the cry 'To arms!' together with the rumble of passing artillery, awoke me from a sleep into which I had fallen. Presently, the marshal moved and rose.

'My friend, they are going to break into the prisons, and massacre us,' he said. 'Where is our companion?'

'Our end may be near, marshal,' I cried, running to his side, 'and I have that to tell you, before we die, that will prove to you that you have not to mourn a heartless and degraded son. That fellow-prisoner of ours was your son; he came here to die for you, Marshal de Moncy: he is at this moment dying to save the life of you, who have abandoned him.'

'Bah! you dream; you are not yet awake.'

'Look, then,' said I, holding a small pocket-mirror to him; 'look; he has painted your face to resemble his, while he went to the scaffold disguised as you.'

'God be thanked!' said the marshal, falling on his knees. 'The brave, the generous; he was, then, still a De Moncy;' and in a passion of tears the old marshal prayed for the passing soul of his son. It was a sight I never shall forget.

The sounds had grown louder in the outer street;

several guns were discharged, and there was a beating of musket-butts at the prison entrance. 'Our hour is come,' I said, and we arose and stood clasped in each other's arms.

At that moment, there was a race of feet down the corridor, and Benoit threw open the door of our cell. 'Vive la République!' he said; 'vive everybody! The monster Robespierre is shot: you are free; everybody is free; we are all happy. Gentlemen, there is some one at the door who wants to see you.'

At that moment, the door opened, the marshal's son ran in, and threw himself at his father's feet. The marshal raised him and embraced him.

The tumbrel in which he had been stopped at the foot of the guillotine by men from the Hôtel-de-Ville, bringing news of the overthrow of the government of Robespierre.

#### MRS GRUNDY MORIBUNDA.

MRS GRUNDY is great—greater than ever, in these days of crinoline—and she will doubtless prevail with the majority of our fellow-creatures to the end of time. But it is to be remarked that the minority of us, comprising all the wise, and almost all the good, have begun to throw off their allegiance to that lady, rather openly. To some of her social regulations they still submit, it is true, although with a very bad grace. When the second-cousin of my uncle by marriage died the other day, 'deeply regretted by all who knew him' (of whom I did not happen to be one), I breakfasted by gas-light until he was buried. Mrs Grundy observed that those front-blinds must be pulled down, and it was accordingly done; but I expressed my opinion upon that ukase pretty freely. When my fourteenth and latest infant was christened, there was an unwholesome cake purchased, with its initials engraved thereon, in vermilion and sugar of lead, and godmothers and godfather were invited (as a favour, mind you) to partake of this delicacy, in the middle of the day. Like unwilling children going to school for the first time, one brought with her a silver fork and spoon which were 'not to be returned,' and the others, mugs. Mrs G. was obeyed in every particular; but when the monthly nurse extracted a sovereign from the godfather's pocket, I heard him mutter: 'Black-mail, by jingo'—a remark which could certainly have had no reference to the florid female infant over whose unconscious body the tax was paid.

In those rare cases when my wife and family do not use my pew at church, I take care not to send my servants to occupy the vacant seats, out of deference to you, Mrs G., and to the feelings of Christian worshippers of distinction; but if ever the Devil enjoys a hearty laugh, it must be at such conduct as that. You do not see the blasphemy—the hideous satire of the thing, yourself, of course, Mrs G., but others do, I assure you.

Even in much less affairs, you are beginning to get found out, and your authority to be set at naught. You cannot induce two hundred people of fashion to come to your 'at homes' in Mayfair, and be content with standing-room on the staircase, so easily as you used to do. The old baits don't catch the young gold-fish, and the Misses G. remain single. I do not believe clubs would have been invented had you made yourself agreeable, and you have no suit to play against *them*, you know, your ludicrous old woman. This is a period when people please themselves, and consequently each other, and do not care so very much about pleasing you.

If this is so in amusements and social matters, it is very much more the case in weightier affairs. Custom no more is suffered to lie upon us with a weight 'heavy as frost, and deep almost as life.' We breathe the natural air without the medium of your respirator—we see with our own eyes, without borrowing your green goggles, Mrs G. We think without the

encumbrance of your assistance. It is true a thousand hiring pens still await the least wag of your paralytic old head, but nothing comes of that but flutter and fuss. You cannot now treat philosophic truth, madam, like a strange turkey-cock who ventures into your poultry-yard, and drive him out by shaking your petticoats, and crying 'Shu, Shu.' I don't think you are much more foolish than you used to be; but men, and even some women, are wiser. They have got to think of you as the ancient philosophers thought of the heathen religion; other people may believe in you if they like, and welcome, but not *they*. This was, of course, in some degree, the case in days of yore. You had enemies then, even open and declared ones; but you used weapons against them such as you dare not use now—libels, calumnies, wicked Names, which stuck like mud on good men's brows—the very Greek-fire of argument—to which, if you now have recourse, even your very friends cry 'Shame!'

At present, no sooner has one of your mouth-pieces spoken, and all your 'organs,' as you call them, echoed him, than there runs a titter round Society itself, over whom you imagine you rule. It does not indeed break into open laughter, because that would not be well-bred. But in the library, there is contemptuous satire; in the drawing-room, there is an elevation of eyebrows; in the dining-room (after the ladies have withdrawn), there are the funniest stories, by no means in your honour; while I am told that even the servants' hall grins. It used to be a favourite trick of yours to identify yourself with Public Opinion; you were the first person to indulge in that untradesmanlike practice of 'It is the same concern,' with reference to the P. O. Now, you are no more public opinion than you are a post-office order. There are a number of Old Women (some of them males) who still cling to you, and honestly serve under your banner, and that is all the genuine following you have. Besides them, you have troops of mercenaries, who stick to you for what they can get, but they have no heart to fight your battles. They make no secret of their disloyalty over their wine and among themselves; but when your trumpeter squeaks a Charge, they don a little rusty armour (not in the least bullet-proof), and set their headless spears in rest. You preach a crusade against infidelity, but what you in reality levy war against is Christian Charity. There is a sort of lay virtue of this kind, called Minding your own Business—which stands to C. C. pretty much as a week-day is to a Sunday—and that you hate almost as much. You're a meddling, gossiping, selfish, wicked old woman, Mrs Grundy, and I am glad that your end is approaching. You're the incarnation of conventional morality and conventional religion, and resemble the genuine articles only as chicory does coffee. There are some people who like chicory in their coffee, but such are exceptional cases; there are more who must have their coffee cheap, at all hazards, and yours is the Unrivalled Establishment for cheapness.

You have had warnings even in our time, Mrs G., but you have not heeded them; Mr Thackeray and Mr Carlyle have done their best to point out your imperfections; but you are as blind to your own faults and to the virtues of others, as in the old days when you persecuted Galileo. You do not remember that gentleman, perhaps, or very likely you confound him with Galileo; but nevertheless you did persecute him, and you would do it again if you dared. You are as bad as ever, but you are not so bold. Not so many years ago, a certain man of letters wrote a short biography of Shelley. You knew nothing of the author of *The Skylark* yourself, for poetry is not in your line, but you received that interesting little sketch with a howl of execration. Your voice went up from Marlow (where he had once lived), protesting that he was not a man to be written about, inasmuch as 'he had not believed in the devil.' This, if true,

you should have taken as a great compliment; and indeed it evinces the kindly good-nature of Mr S. most completely, for he knew *you* (poor fellow!) only too well; but you chose to make it the ground of anathema; *you*—the same Mrs Grundy who prevents me sending my servants to occupy our vacant seat at church! If you think I am a sympathiser with the late Mr P. B. Shelley, you are very much mistaken; if I compare him favourably with yourself, it is only because I prefer a feverish and misdirected enthusiasm to a fanaticism at once intolerant and hypocritical; but so far from being that wretched man's apologist, I am a pariah priest. I know you clapped your hands when I talked of my wife and family attending divine service, and exclaimed: 'He is an atheist; he does not sit in the pew himself.' That is true, madam, but it is because I stand in the pulpit. I have often said there that you are the greatest enemy to true religion I know, but those sort of remarks glide off your complacent soul like water from a duck's back. Well, then, with regard to this Shelley. A book came to my hand last week, written by a well-known lady, one of the foremost of her sex in those good works which even you, Mrs G., do not disdain to patronise—a disciple of Social Science, Woman's Mission, and a number of other things, the nature of which we poor folks in the country appreciate rather than understand. In this volume there is a little poem called *Two Graves*.

Two graves within one year I saw,  
Where sleep, a thousand miles apart,  
Husband and wife, whose living law  
Was but to know one soul, one heart.

He sleeps beneath the Roman rose  
And violets, like his verse divine;  
She, where the tenderest snowdrop blows,  
Amidst the heather and the pine.

And yet we hope they are not here,  
But where the heavenly lilies bloom,  
And amaranth, to the angels dear,  
Mocks our pale buds which deck the tomb.

There no dark cypress grows, nor pine,  
Where they, the husband and the wife,  
Their long disverred lives entwine,  
And dwell beneath the Tree of Life.

With these pretty verses, I have, critically, nothing to do; otherwise, I might object to the word 'divine' in the second verse, as not being quite justifiable, notwithstanding the doubtless urgent demands of the word 'pine' that concludes the stanza. The remarkable circumstance, however, is, that though this poem refers to Shelley and Mary Wollstonecraft, his wife, not even the feeblest shriek has been set up by Mrs Grundy! What is the matter with that vigilant lady? Only a few years back, she was in her ordinary health and spirits, chalking up *Satan's Revival* on the walls, on the occasion of Burns's Centenary; and now we hear nothing of her. The fact is, she is moribund—worn out;

An old, mad, blind, despised, and dying queen.

I have, however, a much more convincing proof of this, if such be needed, and one which sets forth in the strongest manner the victory that genuine goodness is obtaining over that which is conventional.

In the year eighteen hundred and—never you mind what—the present writer was a freshman in the university of Oxford, and in his very first term his moral nature received the following shock.

The chum (let me call him Briston) that I had made for myself, after the manner of freshmen—my own familiar friend—I discovered to be not only no better than he should be, but a very great deal worse. A common acquaintance of ours sickened, and grew dangerously ill. Such things make an impression on

youth, to whom the footfall of Death is terrible, even at another's door; and I feared as well as grieved. I went to see the sick man, of course; I even read aloud to him sometimes, and spent by his bedside a few hours that might have been more agreeably passed on the banks or bosom of Isis; but I feel now that I had much to reproach myself with in that matter, although I flattered myself at the time that I was doing my duty—and more. On a certain Sunday, after a long afternoon's walk, I called on the invalid, and upon entering his bedroom was beyond measure astonished to find him playing cribbage with Briston. The sick man laughed at my astonished looks, but Briston went on playing as though that occupation required the whole of his attention. I said nothing at the time, but I made a mental resolution to avoid the society of my ill-chosen friend for the future. I was not 'strait-laced,' as it is called, but a person that could play at cards on Sunday with a dying man was not, in my judgment, an eligible acquaintance. I dropped Briston from that moment, nor do I think I interchanged half-a-dozen words with him for twenty years. We met at the funeral of the poor fellow in question, and I am bound to say that Briston seemed a good deal cut up; but that was the last I saw of him—for afterwards, if we passed one another in the High Street, we did not even bow—for half a lifetime.

A few years ago, however, a certain well-known Religious Society requested my assistance in holding a missionary meeting in my parish; it was to be attended by several clergymen who had distinguished themselves in their profession, in very trying circumstances; who had gone through many perils among the heathen, and dared the pestilence and the sword with little enough of worldly recompense. A newly appointed colonial bishop, their leader, was also to be present, of whom most persons had heard something, but nothing to his prejudice, as I believe; a man both good and great, who, having had the choice of a pleasant life or a useful one, chose the latter; a saint of these days, indeed. When I remembered his toils, his hardships, his experiences by land and sea, I felt ashamed, as I welcomed him to my little parsonage, of its easily earned comforts and appliances; I could not help drawing a humiliating comparison between this veteran (who was about my own age, however) and a feather-bed soldier like myself. His modest diffidence overwhelmed me. He spoke not a word of his own sufferings, but only of the church's need. The clubs and spears, and other tokens of savage life which the Society had caused to be sent down, with a gentleman to explain their nature, rather shocked his sensitiveness; he submitted to the exhibition without remonstrance, but evidently without approval. It was his characteristic to blame no man, if possible, and certainly not one moved by good intentions. Only once, when something severe was said against certain missionaries of another denomination, whose field of action was also his own, the bishop interrupted the speaker somewhat authoritatively: 'There is no abuse of time,' he said, 'so great as that passed in abusing other people.'

Late that night, the bishop and I were sitting up together, talking over the events of the day. 'It is strange,' said I, 'but I seem to recognise your voice quite well, although not your features.'

'That is very likely,' returned he smiling: 'my skin has been a good deal tanned since we were at Oxford together.'

'Briston!' cried I, a sudden gleam of memory striking across my mind, and not without pain.

'The same,' said he. 'Had you, then, so entirely forgotten me as not to know me, even though you knew my name?'

'I had,' returned I. 'The fact is, I'—

'You tried to forget me, eh?' interrupted the bishop, smiling sadly. 'Well, perhaps I deserved it. When I was young, I thought I would go on my way, being

answerable to One only for my actions. It is no wonder that I was mistaken even by good men.'

'But to play at cribbage with a dying man!' urged I, aghast with the very reminiscence.

'Yes,' observed the bishop reflectively, 'I do not think, if the circumstances should recur, I should do so now; indeed, I have forgotten how to play at cribbage. I always hated cards most unreasonably; and from that very circumstance, I thought it my duty to play at them now and then. Poor Thornton was passionately fond of them, and used to forget his pains when engaged in any game: the doctor himself said they were as good as an opiate for him. Now, on a week-day, the poor fellow could get dozens of men to play with him, but on a Sunday there was nobody wicked enough to do so, except me. I had been reading to him out of some devotional work, up to within a few minutes of your coming in; but upon his pains recurring, he begged for a game at cribbage. I saw no more harm in so gratifying him, than if he had asked me to make a fan out of the stupid pasteboard things to cool his head with. Perhaps I should have explained matters to you at the time, but I was headstrong. "If this man chooses to put an evil construction on an innocent action, what is that to me?" said I.'

'I beg your pardon,' cried I, 'from my inmost breast. You were exercising Christianity, and I—well I have thought evil of you for two-and-twenty years, in consequence.'

'So would most people,' returned the bishop frankly. 'I am not at all certain that the Society would not withdraw my colonial allowance, if they knew of it even now. They would be afraid of my staking it at cribbage with the aborigines.'

The bishop and I parted with a most cordial shake of the hand. I believe him to be one of the very best men alive. But what can poor Mrs Grundy have been about, not to have raked up that old story of cards on Sunday, before he was consecrated to his distant see. If she don't take action, now she knows of it, that ancient lady must be moribund indeed.

## THE MONTH:

### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE scientific and learned societies have ended their sessions, and are now taking holiday; some to prepare for the meeting of the British Association at Newcastle-upon-Tyne on the 26th August, with Sir William Armstrong as President, some to travel in foreign parts and among the mountains, and some to bring up arrears of work. Among a certain few, a hard-working holiday is looked upon as recreation. Of the papers read at the last meeting of the Royal Society, there were two or three by Dr Hofmann, that indefatigable chemist, in one of which he announced the important fact, that the colouring matter of aniline is not indigo, as had hitherto been supposed, but something else. It appears also that coal-tar is far from being exhausted of colouring matters; with every research, the saying current among chemists is verified, that the more they investigate a substance, the more do they find it fruitful.

Professor Roscoe of Manchester has been testing the brightness of different parts of the sun's disk, with a view to help on the inquiries into the constitution of the great luminary, and its effect on what it shines upon. The general result of his experiments goes to prove that the central portions of the sun's disk, as seen by us, are brighter and more active chemically than the outer portions. The same difference has been observed by astronomers with respect to the luminous and calorific rays. By means of a very delicate photometer, Professor Roscoe, in conjunction with Bunsen of Heidelberg, has devised a method of measuring every day the variation in the



sun's chemical intensity, which can be registered as well as ordinary meteorological phenomena. This is likely to be found of great use by agriculturists and all who are interested in the vegetable products of a country; for it appears that mere observations of temperature are not sufficient to enable us to estimate the true climatology of a place, or of its plant and animal producing capabilities. 'For this purpose,' says Professor Roscoe, 'we require to have not only the amount of solar heat directly or indirectly reaching the spot, but likewise the amount of chemically active solar light which falls there.' This is strikingly shewn by a comparison of the mean annual temperature of Thorshavn, in the Farøe Islands, with that of Carlisle, which is pretty nearly equal. But though there is so little difference in the temperature, the difference of sunlight falling upon the two places is great. At the Islands, it is intercepted by almost constant moisture and cloud, which even the chemical rays cannot penetrate; hence the flora is scanty, there are no trees, and none but the hardiest kinds of shrubs. But how different at Carlisle! there woods and gardens flourish, and grain grows abundantly. A somewhat similar state of things prevails between Rejkiavik, the capital of Iceland, and Edinburgh; yet what a difference in the vegetation of the two places! These examples make it clear that a ready means for measuring the sun's light and heat cannot fail to be valuable. As Professor Roscoe remarked in his lecture delivered at the Royal Institution, 'it is only in the presence of the sunlight that the true function of plant-life can be exercised. It is the sunlight which, acting on the green colouring matter of leaves, decomposes the carbonic acid of the air into its constituent elements . . . and only those of the solar rays which vibrate most rapidly are able thus to tear the particles of carbon and oxygen asunder, or to effect chemical change; and these most refrangible or violet rays have, therefore, been called the chemical rays.'

In his annual address to the Board of Visitors, the astronomer-royal communicates some interesting particulars of terrestrial magnetism. The observations shew that on the occurrence of aurora there is disturbance of the magnetic phenomena; and with respect to disturbances in the vertical direction, which are very rare, but very violent, producing what are called magnetic storms, he is of opinion that the idea of attraction should be abandoned. In its place, he suggests, as a general theory of magnetic storms, 'that they are to be referred to currents of a magnetic ether whose movements are closely analogous to that of air.' Ingenious as this theory may appear to be, Mr Airy yet takes care to mention that much remains to be done before it can be established. As regards practical applications of magnetism, we are informed that the time-ball at Deal is dropped every day automatically by a clock in the Observatory at Greenwich, and that time-signals are sent daily to various places, of which the two most distant are Glasgow and Cardiff. Pursuing this subject, Mr Airy states: 'I have heard that the companies, through whose offices the wires pass, have begun to distribute branch-signals to private factories. The clocks of the General Post-office are connected as formerly with the Observatory, each of four clocks being adjusted by current from our motor-clock once every day, and reporting itself to us twice every day. The clock of Westminster Palace has also been brought into connection, the attendant receiving a signal from us once every hour, and the clock reporting its state twice every day,' as in the former instance. All who dwell within sight of the great clock of Parliament House will learn with satisfaction that it does not vary one second per week from the true time.

The last number of *Proceedings of the Royal Society* contains a paper by Lieutenant-colonel Clerk of the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, 'On the Change of Form assumed by Wrought Iron and other Metals when heated and then cooled by partial immersion in

Water,' which presents curious and remarkable results as to the behaviour of metal under the circumstances stated. It was one of these results which gave rise to the series of experiments detailed in the paper. A tire, to which it was needful to give a bevel of  $\frac{1}{16}$  of an inch, was to be fitted to a wheel. One of the workmen employed at the Arsenal mentioned that by heating the tire red hot and immersing it to one-half of its depth in cold water, the desired bevel would be produced without the labour of hammering. Trial was consequently made: the tire, four feet diameter, three inches wide, and half an inch thick, was taken from the furnace, and placed in its bath, when the portion out of the water shrunk, and by reducing the diameter, produced the bevel. After this, a number of experiments were made with rings and cylinders of wrought iron, steel, and brass of various dimensions, the results of which are shewn by engravings. The general effect on cylinders appears to be to draw in the metal to the form of a waist at the water-line, or a little above it. The effect on solid cylinders, three inches diameter, is shewn by a bulging out of the metal at each end, and in some instances by cracks. With cylinders of zinc and tin, the effect was still more remarkable.

An explanation of these curious phenomena is given in a postscript to the paper by one of the secretaries of the Royal Society, which perhaps may be of importance to workers in metal. He shews that there is a contest going on between that part of the metal under water and the part out of water, in which contest 'the cooler metal being the stronger, prevails, and so the upper part gets pulled in, a little above the water-line, while still hot.' Besides this, it has to contract in cooling, and the sum of the effect 'is to leave a permanent contraction a little above the water-line;' and the thinner the metal, the nearer will the contraction be to the water-line. In the case of the hoop or tire, there is not room for more than a general inclination of the surface; hence the hoop becomes bevelled. As regards the solid cylinders, the rapid cooling forms a sort of tough skin on the surface, which, as it shrinks, compresses the softer metal within, and so causes the bulging of the ends. Professor Stokes—for it is his initials which are signed to the postscript—concludes his explanation with the remark, that 'should there be a metal or alloy which, about the temperatures with which we have to deal, was stronger hot than cold, the effect of the cause first referred to would be to produce an expansion a little below the water-line.'

Mr Hartnup, Director of the Liverpool Observatory, has just published an unusually interesting report, for he has collected the particulars of error and rate of 1700 chronometers used on as many voyages, ranging in time from a few weeks to twelve months and upwards. These particulars are arranged in tables which impart most valuable information to seamen concerning the errors to which their instruments are liable. For example, taking the whole number of chronometers—1700—the average error in a voyage of one month is 6 miles; in twelve months, 186 miles. In other words, the ships would be 6 miles from the place, as shewn by the chronometer, in the one instance, and 186 miles in the other; and when such errors of calculation are possible, it is easy to understand how a ship may be lost through trusting to a faulty chronometer. But a different result appears on classification from the first best 10 in 100 through ten classes, down to the worst 10 in 100. With the best 10, the error in a voyage of a month is 0, absolutely nothing; and not more than 5 miles in a twelve-month's voyage. On the other hand, the worst 10 shew an error of 25 miles in a month's voyage, and of 524 miles in a twelve-month's voyage. Ordinary readers will hardly believe that ships are sent out from such a port as Liverpool with such imperfect instruments on board. However, it is part of the

function of the Observatory to rectify faulty chronometers, so that, on returning home, a captain now sends his chronometer to Mr Hartnup with a memorandum of its rate and error, and it is at once tested and placed in temperatures as extreme as those it has to pass through on a voyage from England to Calcutta or Kamtschatka. Hence, when the captain is again ready to sail, he receives his chronometer in an improved condition, or with such information concerning it as will enable him to avoid gross occasions of error, and calculate accordingly. From this it will appear that the Liverpool Observatory is doing good work, to which we can but wish a long continuance. Regarded in its results, it is a noble work to furnish true time to the great port, and send it forth to all the seas of the world.

From benefits to navigation we turn to horticulture and pomiculture. Mr C. Roach Smith is so much impressed by *The Scarcity of Home-grown Fruits in Great Britain*, that he has published a pamphlet on the subject; a subject which, as he thinks, has not been sufficiently considered. He points out the importance of an abundant supply of fruit for the preservation of health, and shews that apples were once abundant in Shetland, while at present they are disappearing from many parts of England. And yet there are gardeners who know how to make 'apples grow upon pyramids and dwarf bushes as thick in beds as gooseberry and currant trees.' Mr Roach Smith advocates the planting of apple-trees in labourers' gardens everywhere, round about brick-fields and other waste places, and along the sides of railways. 'One mile,' he observes, 'would require about 250 trees, the cost of which, and the labour of planting, would be about L.15. As good strong trees should be selected, in three years they would pay their expenses; and in a few years more, we may calculate that, out of the 250, about 200 would produce five bushels each, which, at 3s. the bushel, would be L.150; and, of course, if both sides of the mile of railway were planted, the returns would be L.300; and for 100 miles we may calculate L.30,000. But make yet a deduction for contingencies, and the profit would be enormous. There is no reason, moreover, why our highways and byways should not be planted with fruit-trees (especially the apple); and also the vast tracts of land which surround hospitals, fortifications, and other public buildings.' As to the keeping of apples, Mr Smith states that generally they are allowed to hang too long on the trees. 'The ripening of every kind,' he argues, 'should be anticipated; the fruit should be gathered before the ripening commences; and this process should be allowed to take place in a dry cellar, from which the light is excluded. Guided by this sure and simple rule, I have preserved apples in perfection many months after my neighbours' heavier crops, allowed to ripen on the trees, have rotted.'

As the result of his experiments on the pear, Mr Smith states that a seedling of five years is shewing promise of fruit for 1864. He advocates the cultivation of the vine, not against walls, but in open grounds; yet even in the former case, he says that 'on every foot of wall, except such as face the north, it is possible to grow a pound of grapes.' Not only the fruit of the vine can be used for the making of wine, but the young shoots, tendrils, and leaves which are pruned in such large quantities, can, by the addition of water and more or less sugar, be made into wines 'so closely resembling those of Champagne and Anjou in France, and the dry Rhenish wines, that, at a most trifling cost, what is now the refuse of the vine may be converted into a wholesome and cheering beverage.' Mr Roach Smith further treats of the cherry and plum, gooseberry and currant; and we commend his pamphlet to all who are interested in the subject, or are desirous to ameliorate the condition of the labouring-classes.

We are glad to see that, in another way, the working-classes are taking pains to ameliorate their own condition; that is, by travelling. A prospectus now before us announces a *Working-men's excursion to Paris*, to start from Birmingham on the 10th August. The fare to the French metropolis and back is to be thirty shillings, besides a registration fee of one shilling; and the committee promise that lodgings, guides, and interpreters shall be provided, and arrangements made to secure the comfort of the travellers. The time allowed in Paris will be six days. The secretary, Mr F. Hine, 3 Provident Place, Ladywood Lane, Birmingham, will gladly furnish further information. We heartily approve of this excursion, and give it our best wishes for success. 'Such visits,' says Mr Cobden, in a letter to the secretary, 'are the commencement of a real personal acquaintance between the masses of the two countries. They will help to remove the veil of ignorance which has hid from each other these great neighbouring nations, who, in proportion as they become better acquainted, will renounce those feelings of hatred and suspicion which have for centuries envenomed their relations.'

### THE CHURCHYARD LILY.

Slowly out of a summer grave

A pure white lily grew,

Its root was red in the heart of the dead,

Its cup held tears of dew.

Blanch'd as white as a first day's snow,

It sprang by a mossy stone,

An angel's smile turned into a flower,

And it blossomed there alone.

It was prison'd round with iron rails,

Cankering red with rust;

And it rose like a blessing upon a mound,

That cover'd poor human dust.

It sprang from a maiden's broken heart—

'Twas the purest thing on earth;

Yet its fibrous roots were deep in a grave,

And Death had given it birth.

It fed on sunshine and on showers,

It drank the warm bright air;

There was never a flower at Eden's gate

Grew yet more pure or fair.

White and pure as a virgin's soul,

Soft as an angel's wing,

It rose to hear the birds above

Of heaven in raptures sing.

The flower was as white as the maiden's shroud,

And graciously it grew;

And its offering of dewy tears

On the grave below it threw.

I could not think but it was a sign

Of happiness and rest,

For it seem'd to whisper to us who're left:

'Your Alice is with the blest.'

All communications to be addressed to 'The Editors of *Chambers's Journal*, 47 Paternoster Row, London,' accompanied by postage-stamps, as the return of rejected contributions cannot otherwise be guaranteed. Communications should also, in every case, be accompanied by the writer's *Christian and surname in full*.

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